

Beauty

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Summary: A Marcus poem, set during "Endgame".

Beauty

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A Marcus poem, set during "Endgame"

I feel like I should be screaming.

That's what you're supposed to do when you're dying, right?

Scream and scream and scream and scream until your lungs are torn to shreds.

Scream and scream and scream until the universe wakes up

To find us all tucked up safely in our beds.

Except that I'm in my bed already,

And I know I won't be waking up.

I'm in my bed already, the lights are off

And I've drank too deeply from a poisoned cup.

I can still feel the taste in my tongue.

Did I kiss a corpse? I'm trying to recall...

I can't remember. Ridiculous, bloody ridiculous.

I'd remember, don't you think, if I took a fatal fall?

If I stabbed myself, or tied a noose around my neck

Wouldn't I remember that? Wouldn't I feel - something?  
I'm trying to feel that. Bloody hell, I'm trying.  
I'm trying to feel anything -  
Anything at all.  
Anything apart from the beat of my heart,  
Roaring in my chest as if it could rip it in two.  
Maybe it can... I've never been this close to death before. Maybe it  
could rip it apart  
Into a dozen sharp pieces, and you could spell out a name  
With the fragments. I wonder what it would spell out...  
Susan? William? Even - Marcus?  
Would it spell out a whisper, or a shout?  
Would it spell out a feeling, or a song?  
Colours? Sounds? Memories at all?  
Images of dark hair falling down,  
Red lips open in her one but last near-death call.  
Am I playing hero? A have a sudden vision  
Of myself as a white knight,  
Up on a charger, saving my damsel in distress.  
No - wait - stop! The damsel screams and falls and is swallowed by  
the night  
And I am left, empty and alone  
A hero with no one to rescue - what use is that anyone?  
I see plenty of heroes around me - everyday heroes, heroes of a  
song  
But I, alone, stand in that special place lit up by the sun.  
It's a beautiful pedestal, raising me up into the sky  
It's high, but not wide, nor does it have steps of any kind - there  
is no way  
For me to abandon this task once I start. Once committed, I will  
wait  
On this pedestal. Wait, patient, patient, to be burned away.

Oh God. It's nearly dawn.

She'll live. She'll live.

She has to.

Why?

I'm dying. God.

It hurts.

There's no fire. No fire, bloody hell, I wish there was fire.

It'd be quick that way. No.

It's cold.

And it hurts.

I'm dying. I can feel it happening.

It started slow at first, then faster, faster,

Faster than I could breathe,

Flooding my mind.

What's death like, I wonder?

Is there a God?

A Heaven?

Maybe even Hell?

Perhaps I'd deserve it.

Perhaps I should be afraid.

But, then, I'm so tired right now.

No time to be afraid because I'm drowning

And drowning men don't think.

They just open their mouths to scream and -

Water's cascading down my throat, too much water.

Too much water, too much water, I'm drowning again.

This is good, right?

Makes it all the faster?

Too much water, too much water -

It's gone.

All gone.

I've only swallowed, drily,  
Drily like a dead man waking.

End  
file.